

## Sphere

Polly Scattergood

He orders cuttlefish and drinks beer from a bottle  
As white powder falls from the sky  
In this slow-motion fantasy around their china bodies

He puts out his cigarette on the table  
Grinding it in like a charcoal star  
Then he twists and turns and fades away

No more the artist, the writer, the father  
Just a man made of china in a world full of glass  
And we break so easily  
And we break so peacefully  
We hold ourselves, as we discussed  
Do not let anything penetrate our peace  
"Comfortably Numb" plays in distantly  
"Echoes" from another world

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